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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

STORIES FOR CHILDREN

THE WARDEN'S TALE

AND

THREE ERAS IN A LIFE

"Disdain us not, O kindly heart of man!
Us unregarded poets of the earth,
The little songsters, singing as we can,
Our eager melodies of little worth."

HOLCOMBE.

SECOND EDITION.

PORTER & COATES.

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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW,

THE FAITHFUL WIFE AND DEVOTED MOTHER, WHO
STILL LIVES IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO
KNEW AND LOVED HER, ALTHOUGH MANY
YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE SHE
LEFT EARTH FOR HEAVEN.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Web of Life.

My life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
  Yet God still holds the thread;
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
  The chain in woof be wed.

One weary night, when months went by,
I plied my loom with tear and sigh,
  In grief unnamed, untold;
But when at last the morning's light
Broke on my vision, ~~fair~~ and bright
  There gleamed a cloth of gold.

And now I never lose my trust,
Weave as I may—and weave I must—
That God doth hold the thread;
He guides my shuttle on its way,
He makes complete my task each day;
What more, then, can be said?

Thorns and Arrows.

One day I made complaint because some thorns
Had pierced me when I stooped to find a flower,
Forgetting no rose bloomed without such dower
Down the long years of fair baptismal morns.

Another time I wept some bitter tears
In that from pleasant pastures I had strayed,
And in a labyrinth my way was laid,
Which seemed as endless as the untold years.

Once more I made lament; and that was when
A reptile, bright with many-colored hues,

Which fearful I the thing its life would lose
Had rescued from the slime of bog and fen

In which it struggling lay, and gasped for
breath;
And when in safety on my hearth 'twas laid,
I fed it from my hand, nor felt afraid
That it would turn and sting me to my death.

But all in vain my simple trust had birth:
The creature struck its fangs against my heart;
Save that it found no vulnerable part,
I now would be but as a clod of earth.

There came an hour in which I made no moan,
But sat apart from morn till eve, nor wept,
And through long laggard nights my watch I
kept,
With heart more heavy than the quarried stone.

Then said I, "Sage and seer are true who write
That little troubles most our lives do fret,
And pierce the heart with poison-fanged regret,
And loudest make lament by day and night.

"But when some mortal anguish smites its blow,
The sore heart hides its pain from searching eyes,
Stifles each moan and checks the telltale sighs
That would reveal the torture of its woe."

And then I prayed: "O God forever just!
Forgive me that I made such loud complaint
O'er ills that every human life must taint
While underneath Thy stars we walk the dust.

"But now, dear Lord, Thou knowest all my grief,
Thou seest how my heart is drenched in blood,

And how my tears surge in a prisoned flood
That, pent within my breast, brings no relief.

"Canst Thou not draw the arrow from my heart
And stay the bleeding ere my life flows out?"
Why should I ask or let one wretched doubt
Within my questioning soul have place or part?

He sees my woe, He knows its bitter cause;
He weighs my heart, He counts my prisoned tears
And all my dead hopes shrouded on their biers;
And when His time arrives, He will not pause,

But draw the arrow if its work be o'er,
And close the wound until it leaves no scar,
And raise the dead from sepulchres ajar,
And, born anew, my hopes and joys restore.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

WHEN the lilacs were in bloom,
And the skies were soft and pale,
I told my love the story
As we walked in Thornleydale;
Oh, the aisles of lilac bloom
In the green and lovely vale
Where I walked with Maud at morn,
And she listened to my tale.

Twice six moons had waxed and waned,
Twice six months had passed away,
Ere I begged my Maud to name
Very near our wedding-day.
So we walked in Thornleydale,
While she, blushing, hung her head:

The moss roses on the bush
  Blush not half so sweet a red.

When the locusts were in bloom,
  Lilies pure and snowdrops pale,
With my bride upon my arm
  I went out from Thornleydale;
Tender eyes were raised to mine,
  Tender lips to mine were pressed,
And I bore my bride away
  From her fair and flowery nest.

When the winter skies were gray,
  And the snow lay in the vale,
When the winds were bleak and wild,
  Back we came to Thornleydale;
But the tender eyes were closed,
  And the tender lips were cold;
And my baby and my bride
  Sleep together side by side.

PARIS, May, 1874.

THE SOUL'S CITADEL.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.)

I STOOD upon the heights of love,
The air was passion free;
I thought not of the things of Time,
But of Eternity.

And he who led me to those heights,
And bade me scale its walls,
I looked upon as on a god,
As free from earthly thralls.

I scaled the walls, I reached the tower,
I flung my flag on high;
I thought I heard the angels call
As breeze on breeze swept by.

My head was strong, my heart was brave,
My vision keen and clear;
I saw the ways the saints have walked,
I felt their spirits near.

What foe would dare in hours like these
A soul so clad assail?
Ah, woe is me! no foe, but he
Who helped me don my mail.

His hand struck low in cruel blow
The one whose feet he'd led
From level plains to mountain tops,
And left me as one dead.

But still I hold my pure white flag,
Though low in dust I lie;
I hear the breezes out of heaven
Still murmur, murmur by.

And now 'tis given me to know,
And see with spirit's eyes,
That Christ alone can lead our souls
Up into Paradise.

Chaff and Wheat.

My heart lay on the threshing-floor:
I stifled every wail
As blow on blow descended
From one who held the flail.

My heart lay on the threshing-floor,
But it was not in vain;
The chaff was scattered to the winds
In hours of keenest pain.

My heart lay on the threshing-floor;
Yet bruisèd though it be,
It still a worthy offering is
To one who bruisèd me.

Then take it back and guard it now,
It bore the pain for thee:
My heart lay on the threshing-floor
That it might worthier be.

Blossoms and Thorns.

Up to the courts of heaven fair
A spirit sped one day;
Released from earth, it breathless cried,
"Open the gate, I pray!"

An angel swung the golden door;
"Where is thy cross?" he said.
"Here is my crown; I have no cross
To offer in its stead."

"No cross, no crown," the answer made,
And slowly turned the door;
The pilgrim spirit bowed her head
As one in sorrow sore.

"Dear Lord!" she cried, in her despair,
"Shut not the gate on me;
Thorns are within the crown I wear
Like those that piercèd thee."

Then quickly swung the gate again;
Our Lord himself was there,
Whose ears are never, never closed
Unto a sufferer's prayer.

"Woman, give me your crown," he said;
"If martyr's thorns you wear,
You can pass in the golden gate
With those who crosses bear."

Then from her drooping head she took
Its crown of blossoms bright;
And, lo! the piercing points within
Revealed themselves to sight.

"Why hast thou worn this crown?" he asked;
"Better a cross to bear."
"I wore it, Lord, for love of him
Who made and placed it there."

"For love like this," our Saviour said,
"Though to the creature given,
Thou hast done well to call on me,
For thou hast won thy heaven."

In Egypt.

My childhood's dream, the Orient reached,
Why yearns my heart for home?
And why across the throbbing seas
Do all my fancies roam?

Never before, except in dreams
Or painter's glowing skill,
Such scenes have broken on my eyes
Or made my pulses thrill.

Oh, witching hours! Oh, days of light!
Oh, nights of solemn calm
That float us down the storied Nile,
Along its groves of palm!

Here Moses lived, and Joseph ruled,
And Israel pitched his tent;
Here came the Virgin with her child,
By angel voices sent.

Here art and science made their home,
And skill and power reared
The monuments that mock at time,
In grandeur vast and weird.

But though their majesty I feel,
Still yearns my heart for home,
And still across the throbbing seas
Do all my fancies roam.

THEBES, February, 1866.

THE STRANGER.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

THE morning splendors of my life have flown,
The noontide glories now are on the wane;
I walk the path to Emmaus all alone,
And think o'er "things that happened" once again.

Who is the stranger joins me on the way,
Teaching me truths which make my heart to glow?
O Lord, reveal thy face to me, I pray;
If thou art with me, give me sight to know.

So the apostles walked with him of old,
And knew him not until they sat at meat.

Methinks my yearning heart would soon have told,
Had I been there when he drew near to greet.

I will not let a doubt within my soul
That it is other than the Lord I love.
He leads me onward to yon distant goal;
I see the lights far streaming from above.

Abide with me! my day is wellnigh spent;
The night of death, dear Lord, will soon be here;
If on thy breast whene'er the message's sent,
What will I know of darkness or of fear?

The morning splendors of my life have flown,
Its noontide glories now are on the wane;
I walk the path to Emmaus *not* alone,
For He is with me who of old was slain.

A PICTURE.

ONLY a churchyard covered with snow,
A church in a lonely dale;
There gleamed in the west a golden glow,
The heavens above were pale.

The sentinel trees, like shades of the dead,
Stood up stark against the sky:
Their frozen branches at rest were spread,
For no winds went surging by.

The ground was white as the pure cold face
That's asleep in its coffin-bed;
A holy stillness was in the place
That comes only to the dead.

To a longing wild my soul gave birth
In that solemn peace to share,
To be done with the harsh turmoils of earth,
Their pain and their wearying care.

"Would I were at rest!" As the words arose,
They died on my lips unsaid:
It seemed a sin before God to breathe
I envied the buried dead.

I thought of him who stood by my side,
Of all that he had to bear,
Of the tender trust he had placed in me,
Of the grief I strove to share.

I wished no more for the frozen sleep
Of the churchyard white and lone,
Where the ghostly trees their vigils keep,
And winds in the midnight moan.

The picture hangs now in memory's hall—
The churchyard covered with snow;
And it holds my soul within its thrall
In a spell that none can know.

For it looms up ever on my mind
With a sad, foreboding dread
For him who stood by my side to-day,
As I think of the words he said.

AFFINITÄT.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.)

NOT ours upon Elysian seas to ride,
Wafted by breezes spice-perfumed and soft,
Seeking some harbor where our days may glide
In fond endearments and in converse oft.

Oceans as well might roll between us here,
So wide apart our daily paths must lie;
Yet time nor distance could I ever fear
Where souls are knitted in so close a tie.

Is there a haven where our paths shall meet
While o'er us neither storms nor clouds shall lower?

Where, though the moments pass howe'er so fleet,
No shadows haunt them of the passing hour?

Ah! He who kindled in our hearts this flame,
Pure as upon the vestal virgins' shrines,
Has taught me charity where others blame,
And with this gift my inner life refines.

He will, if faithful unto our dear trust,
So crown our lives with love's immortal bays
That chance, nor fate, nor laws both wise and just,
Shall mar the pleasure of our peaceful days.

A Fragment.

Rigi wrapped in purple shadows,
Pilatus bathed in dusky gold,
All the placid lake between them,
And the peaks of mountains bold,
In the amber light of sunset,
Like a dream of heaven lay;
But my heart was steeped in sadness,
For its heaven was far away.

No more in the living present,
But within the buried past,
Will my thoughts for ever wander,
Like the ghosts in Hades cast—

Restless spirits that are tortured
By the memories of sin,
Or the anguish that is written
In these words: "*It might have been.*"

LUCERNE.

LEAVING STOCKHOLM, 1874.

FOUR cherished words unto my heart
Over and o'er I say,
But still the pain will not depart
On this the last, last day.

O wingèd winds! bear on the hours
Which now for days must roll,
Dragging their weary length along
Like nights within the pole—

The Arctic pole, where never sun
Illumes for months the sea,
Though brightly shine the stars above,
The stars of destiny.

In them I'll trust, for God is just,
And orders all aright;
He holds the stars within their course
From darkness unto light.

The winter goes, the summer comes,
Then steadfast shines the sun;
For all the wintry nights are o'er,
And wintry days are done.

Now unto my desponding soul
Its dearest hope I'll hold—
That steadfast love may centre round
The darlings of my fold;

That they may know no wintry days,
No nights of dark despair;
But o'er the tropic seas of love
Float into havens fair.

When winter goes, may summer come,
And steadfast shine the sun,
And all the wintry days be o'er,
And wintry nights be done.

COMPENSATION.

"Thou shalt be hidden from the scourge of the tongue."—
JOB v. 21.

FORGET not, Lord, Thy promises
To those who trust in Thee;
Close not Thy ears unto their cries,
Nor from their presence flee.

For Thou art mighty in Thy strength,
And we are weak and frail;
To combat evil without Thee
What would our powers avail?

O Lord, how long must we endure,
How long the scourge abide,
Before Thy arms shall fold us round,
Thy love our sorrows hide?

We plead the promises of old,
  Weary and faint we cry;
Withhold not, Lord, thy sheltering grace
  When unto thee we fly.

And, lo! the still, small Voice is heard:
  "Abide in hope and trust,
Thy Saviour bore for thee this scourge,
  And what art thou but dust?

"The thorns that pierce shall bring a crown,
  Which one day thou shalt wear;
When hidden from this torturing scourge,
  His presence thou shalt share.

"But hope not while on earth you walk
  God's chastening rod to flee;
Rather lift up thy heart in praise
  That *thus* he chasteneth thee.

"Not with fierce trials born of shame,
Nor sorrows steeped in sin,
Hast thou to walk thy pilgrimage,
His courts to enter in.

"He giveth thee thy every wish,
Reserving *only one*—
To draw thee always near to him,
And to his Saviour Son."

The still, small Voice was heard no more,
But 'round me and above
God's holy angels seemed to float,
And all was peace and love.

SYMPATHY.

WHY should we fly to human aid
To tell our tales of woe,
When God's just ear is ever lent
Unto our cries below?

What solace can it give like his?
What strength whereon to rest
Like that we find at Jesus' feet
When by our griefs opprest?

Oh, teach me, Lord, to turn to thee
Whenever storms shall lower,
Remembering how weak is man,
How strong thy gracious power.

My every grief at thy dear feet,
My every care, I'll leave;
Thy love shall heal each bleeding wound,
Nor longer let me grieve.

My Gethsemane.

All night I wept and prayed, and prayed and wept,
But when the morning came the pain was there;
I could not drown my sorrow with my tears,
Nor could I lose it in long hours of prayer.
Then in my memory rose a holy spot
Where once I knelt in a far eastern land,
The cave where Christ withdrew within the mount,
Leaving in sleep's soft arms his cherished band.
The votive lamps burned low before the shrine,
Where flowers heaped in loving offerings lay,

And costly incense heavy made the air,
While pilgrims knelt from morn till eve to pray.
Here had my Saviour wrestled with his soul,
While drops like blood streamed down his pallid face;
Here had the angel ministered to him,
Here had his heart been filled with heavenly grace.
But not from him the bitter cup did pass:
An angel held it while he drank its lees.
Dear God, must I too drain this bitter cup,
In my Gethsemane, on bended knees?
Ah! here I'll wait thy angel, for I know
No soul is left to struggle on alone:
Soone. or later comes the strength we ask,
Sooner or later are our sorrows flown.

A Mother's Lament.

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
How my heart cries out for thee
Across the stormy waters,
Across the surging sea!
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Henceforth what is left for me?

Selfish heart, why this repining?
Wouldst thou wish her life undone?
All its happy, blissful present
Changed for aught beneath the sun?
No, my darling, no, my darling,
Through my suffering thou hast won.

I am old and weak and weary,
And I trust my days are few;
But thy life is just beginning,
Roseate, brilliant to the view.
Angels guard and angels guide thee
As thy mother fond would do.

Then upon the shores eternal,
When life's stormy seas are crossed,
In those groves forever vernal
I shall one day find my lost.
Pray, oh pray, for me, my darling,
While my bark is passion tossed.

Pray for one so worn and weary
That she cannot see her way,
Drifting while the seas sweep over,
Under clouds so dense and gray

That night's shadows seem to linger
Over every passing day.

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
How my heart cries out for thee
Across the stormy waters,
Across the surging sea!
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Henceforth what is left for me?

WORDS.

WHEN thought holds empire in the brain of man,
And deeds unworthy we are brought to scan,
How leaps the soul with indignation stung!
How words that burn find utterance on the tongue!
When Treachery strikes the heart with coward blow,
And Falsehood strives her subtle dart to throw,
The soul speaks up most nobly in its scorn,
Unless its clay be but ignobly born.
Not so when love falls wounded to the dust,
Smitten by hands it only knew to trust;

Words then are worthless to the anguished
mind;
Save, "Help us, God," no other words we
find;
And but his strength upheld us in our need
We would be weak and powerless indeed.

MIDWAY.

MIDWAY upon Life's sea my bark speeds on;
Steeped with the noontide's gold, the cradled crests
I turn to look upon lie still as babes
Upon their mother's breast. Ah! once it was
Not thus. I know a time when wild storms raged,
And thick clouds swept athwart the sky, until
The waves, high tossed, in murky blackness fumed.
Some treasure from my hold I lost ere those
Rough waves grew calm; some garnered hopes, some faith,

Some trust, went down, and for my loss my soul
Sent up a cry which might have pierced the heavens,
So sharp its agony. But now the sea
Holds not one trace of all that wild turmoil.
I stand and gaze upon its vast expanse,
And strive to keep in view the far-off shore,
Which to my sight grows dimmer every hour—
The shore whereon I lingered ere my sails
Were trimmed, for pastime gathering pebble stones,
Which, Midas touched, have turned since then to gold.
What of the land beyond? A dim gray haze
Rolls dense between, which, when the storms come on,

Lifts for a space, swift driven before the wind,
Revealing glimpses of a glorious haven.

* * * * * * *

I fear not tempests nor the blasts of cold
That sweep from frozen zones; these have no power;
But when I slowly drift through odorous groves
Of spice, soft languors wooing me to stay,
'Tis then I fear; for if I leave my helm
For dalliance in those bowers, against some rock
It straight may graze, and leave a shattered bark,
Which, if I trust, will founder on the deep;
Or if, at most, it bear me into port,
How would I blush to render my account

To Him who trusted to my hands the bark
He fashioned with such care, for purpose wise
And kind! O Father! grant through storm and calm,
I still may near those shores where evermore
Thy angels stand to lead us up to Thee.

GRIEF, CONSCIENCE AND FAITH.

WITH Grief I stood one day so face to face
That every lineament my eyes could trace;
Her cheeks were whiter than the drifting snow
Whereon no sunbeam throws a radiant glow.
She laid her marble hand upon my breast;
Good heart! as fades the sunshine in the West,
Thereat the colors of my life grew pale,
And every joy and pleasure straight did fail.
"Ah, Grief!" I cried, "what doest thou with me?
For Christ's dear sake, O Grief! I pray thee flee."

"Ah! but for Christ's dear sake I came," she cried,
"To lead thee, wanderer, to thy Saviour's side."
And so my bruised and bleeding heart we bore,
And laid the offering at the Saviour's door.

Then Conscience said: "Is this a gift for Christ?
The heart which friends have careless thrown aside,
All stained with sin, with earthly passions dyed,
All bruised and worn—is this a gift for Christ?"
And trembling, I shrank back in mortal fear,
And answered: "Nay, oh nay; yet leave it here;

For Christ himself was once by friends betrayed,
And I will adjuration make," I said.
"For pity's sake, though great indeed my sin
In loving creature more than loving him,—
For pity's sake, he yet may hear my cry,
And stoop to lift me when he passeth by."
Then Faith cried out: "O ye of little trust,
Christ loves you most when humbled in the dust."

AN ANSWER

TO ONE WHO SAID THE COUNTRY WAS DULL AND LONELY.

My heart is light within me
When the days are bright and long,
And my soul breathes forth its music
As the bird trills forth its song.

My heart is light within me,
For I love the woodland air,
And in the peaceful pine groves
I have no thought of care.

All nature lies around me,
Serene and calm and still;
The blue sky bends above me
To meet the arching hill.

And all amidst the space so wide,
No human form I see
To break the holy solitude
Of valley, hill and lea.

And yet I never feel alone,
Nor weary of the scene:
For far more grand than city spires
Are these tall trees of green.

Bright orioles flash from bough to bough,—
Their joyous notes they pour,
Sweet strains of gushing melody
That drown the waters' roar.

For down in yonder dark ravine
There falls a silvery stream;
Tossing around the mossy rocks,
Wild as a poet's dream.

Fair field flowers lift their fragile heads
Where'er the eye doth fall;
Amid the waving wheat and rye
I see the poppies tall;

Like coals of fire in embers pale
Their brilliant blossoms glow;
And drifting all along the lanes
The daisies spread their snow.

Ah! not with birds and brooks and flowers,
Could I e'er feel alone;
For always in wild Nature's haunts
My purest joys are known.

And to our God, who made this earth
So beautiful and fair,
My heart sends up its offering
Of ceaseless praise and prayer.

A Fever Dream.

"Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt."—Gen. xlvii. 29.

My pulse is faint, my strength is naught;
Come sit beside my bed;
Oh, darling, take my hand in thine,
And hold my weary head.

If death comes on me here, my love,
I pray as prayed of old
The patriarch, who hither strayed
And kept his wandering fold.

Bury me not within this land.
My very heart stands still
To think that Death may seek me here—
That such may be God's will.

Oh, often as a child I've read
The story o'er and o'er,
But never did its pathos touch
My inmost heart before.

I know that Egypt's skies are blue,
Her palm groves fair to see,
But over all the shadows fall
Of many a century.

Bury me not, I pray thee, here,
Deep in the yellow sand;
But bear me, darling, o'er the sea,
Unto my fathers' land.

And there amidst my dear of kin,
Dearer than e'er before,
I'll sleep a happier sleep, my love,
Than on this gloomy shore.

* * * * * *

The fever broke, the dream was o'er,
The fear of death had flown;
But Israel's prayer was ne'er forgot
As read within that zone.

CAIRO, 1866.

ASPIRATIONS

I WOULD my life might glorify
The Saviour that I love;
But how could I, who walk below,
Cast light on him above?

Thus in the gathering shades of night,
I talked unto my soul;
When, lo! a whisper, faint at first,
In volume seemed to roll:

"So live that in thy daily walk
Thou shalt reflect his love,
Then shall the radiance of thy life
Throw light on him above,

"To many a weary, sin-sick soul
Who questions if there be
Such goodness as the Saviour taught,
Such love and purity."

Lord, unto thee my life I give!
Oh, teach my soul the way,
And suffer no temptation hence
To lead my heart astray.

Weak as a worm to thee I bow,
Strong as a god I stand,
If thou wilt teach me, Lord, the way,
And hold me by thy hand.

To One who Dislikes Flowers.

What memories bring they unto thee,
That thou shouldst turn from flowers?
What memories from beyond the sea,
From thy far Northern bowers?
Ah! well I know some mighty grief
Hath crushed from out thy soul
The love thou surely must have felt
Ere girlhood won its goal.
Say not that they were never dear,
I could not bear that sound;
'Twould break the atmosphere of light,
That now enfolds thee round.

I'd rather think some sacred grief,
Some buried love, may be,

Which, linked in memory with flowers,
Springs up in agony
Whene'er their gentle breath sweeps near,
Or when thy true eyes rest
Upon Earth's sweet and stainless buds,
Her holiest gift, her best.
The "jasmine" pure, blue violets wild,
I plucked with tender care,
Mingling their bloom with brighter hues,
Exotics wondrous, rare.
I thought to see thee bend those eyes,
So glorious in their light,
Most fondly o'er the treasured flowers;
But to my questioning sight
There came no pleasure to thy lips,
No smile within thy eyes,
And coldly, coldly to my heart
I held its great surprise.

The world may whisper thoughts unkind,
But ne'er will I believe
Other than this: that thy strong heart
In bitterness doth grieve
O'er some sad memory of the past,
Some faded human flower,
For which of love thou'dst hoarded up
A more than regal dower.

ATONEMENT.

MAKE ready the dwelling for me,
Make ready the chamber of stone;
What matter though narrow it be,
And gloomy and stifling and lone?
'Tis only this poor wretched clay
That tempts us for ever to sin,
'Tis only this body of flesh
That my soul shall lay off me within.
But I shall go hence to my home,
Where evil can touch me no more,
Companion of angels and just,
Temptation and sorrow all o'er.

Oh, I long, I long to be free
From fetters that load us with sin;
Make ready the dwelling for me
That I may lay off mine within.
I cheerfully yield up my life
My errors and faults to atone;
Make ready the dwelling for me,
Make ready the chamber of stone.

Ah, craven heart! is this thy prayer?
Rather to God lift up thy eyes
For strength to combat evil here
Than urge thy life a sacrifice.

No readiness to die so pleaseth him
As readiness to live to do his will;
He measureth unto thee appointed days,
Thy round of duties thou hast yet to fill.

Shrink not the task! Thou canst the victory win.
Thy fetters strong? Thy soul be stronger yet.
God did but fashion this pulsating clay
In which the jewel of the mind to set.

That has dominion over flesh and sin.
If the sore struggle be but once begun,
He'll give his angels charge concerning thee,
Until the final victory be won.

Then let thy life a daily offering be;
Its incense sweet unto thy God shall rise;
The contrite spirit and the humble heart
He loveth better than the sacrifice.

A Sister's Retrospect.

Do you remember, Ernald dear,
  Our childhood's happy years,
How very many were our joys,
  How few our childish tears?
My heart is sad with memories
  That throng its halls to-night—
With memories of those early hours
  So cloudless in their light.

I long to clasp thy hand again
  As in the days of old,
And roam amidst the grand old woods
  That skirt our mountains bold;

I long to see that glad, fond smile
Which used to fill thy eyes,
When hand in hand we roved the dells
Beneath our Northern skies.

The honeysuckle's fragrant breath
In spring-time filled the air,
And pale-green fern and flowers sweet
Were round us everywhere;
Soft swept the winds amidst those pines,
Serene the sun smiled through
Upon the beds of tangled moss
And clustering violets blue.

Thy cheeks were bright with ruddy glow,
In locks of gold thy hair,
Tossed by the wind, fell o'er thy brow,
As marble statue fair;

And I, with all a sister's pride,
Beheld thy bounding form,
Nor dreamed that love like ours could die,
Though rent by bolt and storm.

My brother, still within my heart
Affection lives as true,
I love as well, as in those days;
Say, Ernald dear, do you?

DESERTED.

ALL night upon my bed I toss,
All day I sigh and moan;
Ah! wherefore should I break my heart
Against a heart of stone?

She rolleth past me in the street
With all her pomp and show,
She leaneth on her cushioned seat
Unmindful of my woe.

It seems to me but yesternight,
And still an age ago,
Since, her soft hand within my own,
I felt her pulse's flow.

I looked into her melting eyes,
And read the reflex there
Of all that burned within my heart,
And thus our souls lay bare.

Oh, cursed be he who came between
With his ill-gotten gold!
Oh, cursed— But no; I dare not curse
The mother who hath sold

Her daughter's form without her heart.
My God! that form so fair
Which I had thought to call my own,
And all my pleasures share.

But neither gold nor gems were mine;
Yet with her by my side
I would have won a prince's dower
To deck my bonnie bride.

Alas! alas! what need have I
To struggle with these hands?
Without her smiles, oh what to me
Are untold gold or lands?

Oh, cursed— No, no; I will not curse;
Peace rest with thee, my love;
Let me the only sufferer be,
Poor caged and pinioned dove.

Though his coarse arms your form enfold,
I know within your breast
The memory of our hallowed days
Must there for ever rest.

And though you school your eyes to scorn,
And check the heaving sigh,
There cannot be but tears for me
When others are not nigh.

A VALENTINE.

FAIR as Lucrece and as serenely cold
Art thou, sweet maiden, with thy eyes of blue;
Thy tresses long, in bands of burnished gold,
Cast shadows o'er a cheek of rose-leaf hue.

The silken lashes of thy violet eyes
Drop with a sunny curve from snowy lid,
Half shading all the purity that lies
Within their quiet depths so sweetly hid.

The matchless arching of thy ruby lip,
The glittering pearls thy smile discloses,
Thy mouth fresh as the dew the flowers sip,
And redolent of sweets as budding roses.

Too fair for my unskillful hand to trace,
Never a poet could thy charms combine,
Nor artist draw thee in thy winning grace
Unless a monarch of his art divine.

For such a boon how dare my heart aspire?
Trembling, I bring its wealth of love to thee;
No Persian worshiper of flaming fire
E'er bent his god a more devoted knee.

My Heart.

My heart is like a wild bird;
'Tis ever on the wing,
Soaring amidst the amber clouds,
A wild and wayward thing,
Or stooping to the green earth
To nestle in some flower,
Or singing sadly all the day
In some neglected bower.

My heart is like the wild wind;
It flitteth here and there,
Now wailing o'er some ruined shrine—
Some cloister dim and bare,

Or laughing with the sunny sky,
Or dancing with the rills,
Or sweeping through the brave old woods
That crown the mossy hills.

My heart is like the wild stream
That glideth through the vale,
Where grow the meek-eyed violets,
The lilies pure and pale;
Oh, this is what my heart is like,
For, ever mirrored there,
Is some dear, stainless, cherished flower,
Some bright bud sweet and fair.

And 'tis not like the wild bird,
And 'tis not like the wind;
The bird is faithless to the flowers,
Nor trust nor love can bind.

The wind full oft doth break their hearts,
Surely they fade though slow;
But the glad stream is always true
To the flowers drooping low.

BETRAYED.

SLOWLY stern Winter treads our hill-girt vale,
His regal brow with hoary locks encrowned;
Through leafless trees he breathes a dirge-like wail,
And the far hills repeat the mournful sound.

The bright-eyed flowers have paled beside the stream
That winds across the fields its fitful way,
But from the woods I catch a crimson gleam
Deep as the glowing hues of dying day.

'Tis where the pliant vine entwines the oak,
Then upward climbs, wreathing from bough to bough,

Falling beside the roof whose curling smoke
Alone I see above the forest now.

Thick gleam the sprays with coral berries fair,
Its leaves as glossy as June laurels be;
I knew a maid who ofttimes in her hair
Braided its clusters all too carefully.

It is a story long and full of grief,
That on this page I would not care to tell.
She faded with the summer flowers brief,
When autumn's frosts first on their beauty fell.

Ah! where is he who cast this fearful blight?
Hath he no share in sorrow he hath wrought?
Can he escape the voice within by flight—
The memories with such desolation fraught?

Breathe to him, winter winds, of all the woe
The mother feels within her lonely cot;
Leave the new grave beside the river's flow,
And whisper of the clay he hath forgot.

Oh, haunt him with thy wail, thou winter wind,
And fill his callous heart with boding fear;
Give him no rest, let him no mercy find,
Until he sheds the penitential tear.

Perchance it may some other victim save
That even now his passion marks for prey;
For little cares he, so that in the grave
His sins are hidden from the light of day.

O earth! so fair art thou we scarce can dream
Of all the sorrows hid within thy breast,

The broken hearts that cross dark Lethe's
stream,
Ere thy fond bosom folds them to their
rest.

Rest to the dust consigned unto thy care,
While, far from thee, the spirit wings its
way,
Fettered no more by chains it erst did wear
Within its helpless tenement of clay.

Wail on, ye winter winds, above the dead;
Ye cannot wake her from her dreamless
sleep;
Soft is the pillow to her wearied head,
For ever closed the eyes that once did weep.

ANTICIPATION.

OH, hasten on, ye loitering hours!
I long once more to see
The valley of my childhood's home,
The mountains and the lea;
The feathery groves that crown the hills,
Or droop beside the stream;
The meadows green, the murmuring rills,
Where dewy violets gleam;
The winding path around the lake
Where water lilies float,
And spread at eve their stainless sails
Like some sweet fairy boat;
The dark gray rocks that on us frowned
From mountain ramparts bold,

The placid stream that glides below
Over its sands of gold;
The village church with towering spire,
The elms upon "the green;"
The homestead with its garden walks,
And flower-beds between.
All, all, my fancy longs to see,
Each spot within that vale;
The graveyard with its mossy stones,
And sculptured marbles pale.
All hold for me their memories
Sacred as saintly shrines,
And like a pilgrim's longing heart
My heart with longing pines.
But like a pilgrim at a tomb
In silence I should bow,
If midst those scenes and in those haunts
My feet should wander now.

Yet hasten on, ye loitering hours,
That I may once more see
The valley of my childhood's home
Ere earth is naught to me.
And when my busy brain is still,
My heart has ceased to beat,
Then take me back, and bury me
Where roamed my childish feet;
And write upon a simple stone,
That those who pass may read:
"*She was well loved* by God and man
In hour of sorest need."

THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

"There, there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, for we shall all be like the angels of God."

SWEETEST Marion, wilt thou listen
While my soul calls out for thine?
Canst thou listen from high heaven
To this longing prayer of mine?
Oh, my love, am I no longer
Friend of friends, dear one, to thee?
Can I have no word of answer?
Speak, pure soul, oh speak to me!

By our long and fond communings,
By remorseful pangs I feel,
By the gnawings of this serpent
In the wounds that will not heal,

By my love so strong and deathless,
Though so faithless in that hour
When Ambition's torch did lure me,
Held by hands that knew its power,

Bend thine earnest eyes upon me—
Eyes so pure I can but weep
When I think that earth hath lost them,
Well-like eyes so clear and deep.
Earth hath lost them, heaven hath gained them;
Oh, come back, thou angel form,
And my soul will go to meet thee
From this world of grief and storm.

Ah! I cannot feel thy presence:
Death keeps guard between us now;
He hath clasped thee since we parted,
He hath kissed thy placid brow.

Death and falsehood came between us,
But my spirit still is thine;
And I know I am forgiven,
Though I have no word nor sign.

When long years have passed before me,
And my penance days are done,
I will seek through worlds eternal
Till I find thee, cherished one.
There we'll need no vain betrothal,
Like God's angels we shall be;
In thy eyes I'll read my pardon,
Thou in mine my love for thee.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

O CRUEL heart that would my heart lay bare,
And seek with earthly love to spread a snare!
O spirit strong that would my spirit thrall,
And chain to earth its hopes and longings all!

I know thy power, yet hold myself to be
Able to triumph o'er the world and thee,
Renouncing earthly love if need require,
For in my breast there glows a purer fire.

Though troublous sorrows compass me around,
Though grief should leave its ever-bleeding wound,

Yet still my chosen path I'll persevere,
Nor hardships great nor hidden dangers fear.

Life hath ne'er been to me a field of flowers,
The world hath ne'er allured me to its bowers;
I find the thorn more quickly than the rose;
Seldom for me the buds their sweets disclose.

Sometimes they're touched by the untimely
frost,
Sometimes by blight or hidden worm they're
lost;
But though I mourn, my sorrow I restrain:
God loveth those to whom He giveth pain.

Renounce the world, its pomp, its gilded
show,
And seek the well-springs of thy life to know;

Its turbid waters will become more pure
When Sin and Folly's whirl no longer lure.

Renounce the world! It yields nor peace nor joy,
Nor aught of happiness without alloy;
Strive for the crown the humblest Christian wins,
And pray forgiveness for thy many sins.

For thee my heart will frequent plead in prayer;
Though strong its love, it shall not prove a snare:
I know thy power, yet hold myself to be
Able to triumph o'er the world and thee.

Sweet Sixteen.

Thy childhood's days are flitting past,
And womanhood draws near;
Sweet sixteen folds thee in her arms
As rounds this happy year.

Though strangers should not note thy form,
Unto thy mother's eyes
A world of grace and loveliness
In thy dear person lies.

Though beauty should deny her dower,
Upon thy pure, fair face,
There glows the beauty of the soul,
And lends its winning grace.

Thy serious eyes beam bright with love,
Thy lips have tender smiles;
Thy unaffected girlish ways
Full many an hour beguiles.

What shall I wish for thee, dear child,
That thou dost not possess?
What new gift add unto thy youth's
Fair dower of loveliness?

Too sacred e'en for this fair page,
Unuttered it shall lie,
And He who doeth all things well
May grant it by and by.

A Gift of Flowers.

O FLOWERS of wondrous loveliness!
What mem'ries strange arise
As all your beauty rich and rare
I drink with eager eyes!

O meadows of my childhood's home!
O forests dark and deep!
O mountains where I used to roam
Far up the rock-crowned steep!

I see them all; I feel the wind
Playing amid my hair;
I even scent the very breath
Of violets on the air.

No others have seemed half so sweet
Since from that spot I strayed;
No others half so fair to me
As those in that wild glade.

I hear the babbling torrent leap,
I feel a hand in mine;
Again I stray in those green paths
As once in "auld lang syne."

Oh, heavy, heavy grows the air,
A mist creeps o'er my view;
Dear saints! I see my buried friend:
Those are her eyes of blue!

Ah me, ah me! 'twas but a dream:
The flowers alone remain;
She knoweth all the bliss of heaven,
And I of earth the pain.

The pain! What said I, when my friends
Strew o'er my path with flowers?
Ah! earth hath very much of joy
To bless our passing hours.

And though these flowers fair will droop
And wither soon away,
I shall keep always in my heart
The fragrance of this day.

THE HAPPY OMEN.

"There is such a sad presentiment in my soul."—
LETTER FROM ——.

'TWAS yester eve I said the same;
It is no longer so,
For rays of hope illume my heart,
And shed within their glow.
Then scatter to the wind your fears,
And bid your heart be strong;
You hold your fate within your hands:
Make not the right seem wrong.

The omen, Heaven sent to-day
In answer to my prayer,
Has reassured my boding soul,
And lifted all its care.

Henceforth I'll wait with patient trust:
"*Whatever is, is right;*"
I will not murmur at His will
Though clouds shut out the light.

And may He fill your life with joy,
And round with love your days;
Then, though our paths be far apart,
Still will I give Him praise.
Now give unto the winds your fears,
And bid your heart be strong;
You hold your fate within your hands:
Make not the right seem wrong.

RYDBERG HOTEL.

LETTERS.

In dewy shades the violet grows,
Shedding its perfume sweet;
The passer-by with careless step
Treads it beneath his feet.
But still its incense to the air
With lavish waste is spread;
Bruised though it be, its sweetness rests
Until the flower is dead.

But if some thoughtless hand should pluck
The flower from its stem,
And hold it to the sun's hot rays,
Where is its sweetness then?

So with the words of love that flow
In written converse sweet—
If taken from their sacred shade
The eyes of all to greet;
For ever flown their magic spell,
No art can e'er recall
The heart's perfume that in them lies
Which was not shed for all.

A Memory of the Nile.

A steamer with the American flag passed our dahabeah, January 31, 1866, the passengers singing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

A DAY of calm: our sails were down;
The boatmen idly rowed;
An azure sky without a cloud;
The Nile scarce rippling flowed.

The palm-groves stood against the sky,
And not a leaf was stirred;
The camels grazed amidst the fields,
The shepherd watched his herd.

Women, with flashing Orient eyes,
And garments flowing free,
Paused with their water-jars erect
The Frank's pale face to see.

Their turbaned lords reclined at ease
In groups along the shore;
Each scene a picture to our eyes,
The day thus slowly wore.

When, lo! a steamer speeding past
With Stars and Stripes on high!
Our hearts beat fast, our pulses thrill,
Tears start from every eye.

The dear old flag! So far from home,
What memories it brings!
Straightway across the distant seas
Our fancies spread their wings.

We seem to hear the bugle strains
Of pealing battle-hymns
Which nerved our hearts to earnest work
And kindled statesmen's themes.

We seem to hear— Oh no, for now,
Swelling upon the air,
The very strains that fancy brought
The morning wind doth bear.

O God! if thus the heart can leap,
If thus the soul can thrill,
While denizens of earth we roam,
Where pleasure leads at will,

What must the life celestial bring
When, on that pearly shore,
We see the dearest loved on earth
Whom Thou didst call before,

And hear their voices on the air,
Blent with the seraphs' song,
In strains of welcome unto those
Who join their holy throng?

Eye hath not seen nor ear hath heard
The joys that crown the blest,
For never unto mortal heart
The least hath been confest.

But if, when in a foreign land
Our wandering footsteps roam,
Our bodies scarce our souls contain
When rings some lay of home,

Shall we not guess the finer joy
Unto the spirit born
When from the night of death it soars
To reach the heavenly morn?

Father, forgive our erring ways,
Our coldness and our sin;
Make even here our spirits pant
Thy courts to enter in.

Then, when life's joys shall pass away
And heavenly visions glow,
Our raptured souls shall join the blest
Who all Thy glories know.

The Cup of Life.

I HOLD with trembling hand the full, rich cup
Which God has given unto me to drink—
Such generous dole that not one added drop
Could fall within and not o'erbrim its wealth.
I would my hold were stronger, but, alas!
The strongest arm is weak indeed against
The purposes of God. Ah! blest be he
Who still can give God thanks when all the wine
Life yields is spilled, and naught is left but lees.
Couldst thou, my heart? What didst thou do but moan
When on a time a north-east wind did breathe

Upon thy calm, vexing thy life with plaints
That would have best befit a tempest storm?
But now the wind has lulled, 'tis well and wise
To search thy soul, and question of its strength,
That if again a few drops from thy cup
Are swept unto the ground, thou shalt not grieve
As if the richness of thy draught were gone.
Take time to thank thy God for what He leaves,
Faint heart, and thou wilt find the hours grow few
Wherein thou mournest over what He takes.

Home.

Oh peaceful home! how sweet within thy walls
To watch the dying of the golden day,
Knowing that soon unto thy cheerful halls
A loved one's smile will shed a brighter ray!
How fondly do I watch the changeful skies,
Fading from crimson to the violet's hue,
And long for eve, that I may meet his eyes,
Which, like the stars, shine steadily and true!
Oh happy home! how much with pleasure fraught
Are all the changing scenes thou bring'st to me!

How much of joy that I had never thought
Could in this world of disappointment be!
Most gladly do I bring unto thy shrine
The wild desires, the gilded hopes, of youth;
No more for dreamy visions shall I pine,
Sure of thy boundless and thy changeless truth.

Oh blissful home! what wonder that I sigh
Lest some rude blow destroy these scenes so fair,
And Love, affrighted, spread her wings and fly,
And leave me brooding o'er my own despair?
With trembling hand I seek to draw the veil
Which hides the future from my earnest gaze;

But, like a far and fast receding sail,
Pale shadows glide into the distant maze.

Oh earthly home! my spirit feels how frail
Are all the ties which bind it here to thee—
How much of sorrow in this tearful vale,
How much of storm upon life's treacherous sea.
And if the bark which we have launched with care
Before these angry storms be wildly driven,
Oh grant, my God, the fragile wreck may bear
Its precious freight to the blest *home of Heaven.*

GRANDCHILDREN.

I HASTEN to my hallowed room
When twilight shadows fall,
Where faces that I love the best
Look on me from the wall.

But not for their dear smiles alone,
In silent welcome sweet;
It is to listen to the sound
Of pattering little feet.

They gladden but a neighbor's home,
Yet through the kindly wall
The happy sound comes unto me,
I hear each soft footfall.

And here I sit and close my eyes,
And think how, o'er the sea,
Some little feet are pattering now,
As like as like can be.

Oh, far across the stormy sea,
And far beyond the main—
So far my heart doth often ask,
Shall we e'er meet again?

And then the tears fall thick and fast;
My heart is like to break;
I long to see the little ones
For Maud's and Reinhold's sake.

Oh, precious pets beyond the wall,
Within the home you bless,
No one looks on a vacant seat,
None miss a lost caress.

But ever, as the days go by
And twilight shadows fall,
The patter of your little feet
Such memories recall,

That often I look wistfully
To the Immortal shore,
Where tears and sorrows never come,
And partings are no more.

MAUD.

To what shall I liken matchless Maud?
The queen of flowers that poets laud
Cannot with her compare;
No lily drooping in valley low
Where only purest of lilies grow
Was ever half so fair.

Eyes that would shame the stars of night,
So pure their flashing depth of light,
Yet shy as wild gazelle's;
Lips of as rich and bright a dye
As carmine fields in Orient sky
When chime the vesper bells.

Cheeks of as rare a curve and mould
As ever shaped by sculptor old
In palmiest days, I ween,
And waves of silken, sunny hair
Shading the brow divinely fair
Of our sweet household queen.

All these are hers; and ah! we fear
Such charms, increasing every year,
A dangerous dower will be.
God shield our little Maud from ill
Shall be our prayer, as ever, till
We've crossed life's changeful sea.

Temptation and Resistance.

Against a wall of rock my helpless hands
Beat with the fierceness of despairing force;
The darkness settles round, and not one ray
Pierces the deadly gloom where late the sun
Sprinkled its light and warmth in golden showers.
I thought the earth so grandly beautiful,
The universe but made for sweetest joys,
And now where is the beauty, where the joy?
I fold my weak, bruised hands across my heart,
And from its depths my soul sends forth the cry,
"O God, be pitiful!" And still the rocks

Loom high, and still the darkness ever grows,
And neither God nor man is pitiful.

What knowest thou of God, complaining soul,
That thou shouldst dare to doubt his pitying love?
If, wandering from the paths in which thy feet
Were set, thou strayest into darkness blank
And fall against the rocks that keep thee well
Within their bounds, rather give thanks to Him
Who stretched the barrier for thy good, to save
Thy feet from farther straying. God not pitiful!
Recall the impious thought, and ne'er forget
That no soul cries in vain, "Be pitiful, O God!"

INVOCATION.

SPIRIT of song, why droopest thou,
Why foldest thou thy wing?
Oh, rise anew within my breast,
And strive to soar and sing.

Forget the ruined shrines of earth,
The darksome cypress gloom,
And stretch thy deep and searching gaze
Beyond the dreary tomb.

Thus shalt thou gather strength to rise
Above this troubled life,
Heedless of all its vain turmoil
And all its wounding strife.

Thy steadfast eyes once fixed above,
Serene as sunset glow,
And joyous as the forest birds
Thy songs would onward flow.

No more thy grieving, mournful plaint
Would echo in my breast,
But tones of joy would ever chant
My troubled thoughts to rest.

Angels stoop low to bear thee up;
Resigned unto their sway,
Thy wings shall cleave the arching blue
As cleaves the mid-sun's ray.

Before the throne where seraphs bow,
Beside the waters still,
And through the pastures fresh and green,
Thou'lt walk with them at will.

Ah! blest be God that hope and love
And faith to us are given,
Angels to lift our souls from earth
And ope the gates of heaven.

THE APPROACH.

"It is sweet, gentle Death."

—SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

As I watch the moments go
My life runneth very low,
  Very near seems Death.
If he reachèd out his hand
From the place where he does stand,
  He could stop my breath.

This is not the spectral form
Come to chill my pulses warm,
  And to seal my sight;
This is not the phantom grim
That I fancied Death had been:
  'Tis a form of light.

Tales they told me long ago;
Now I see they are not so,
For his mien so fair:
In his arms I have not lain,
But I know that woe or pain
Could not reach me there.

Very sweet must be the rest
Of the weary on his breast;
Yet I'm loth to go:
Life is such a radiant way,
And I cling unto the clay
Where its tide doth flow.

To ——.

I HAD a dream for thee when thou wert young,
For e'er thy boyhood's years were scarcely told
I marked thy worth, and felt my pulses thrill
With thoughts of what thy future might reveal.
Press on, and make that vision of my mind
Complete. Press on, and scale those battlements
Wherefrom the conqueror looks forth on fields
Unstained with blood, elate with victory
Such as crowned emperors who spent their days
In carnage never knew. Elate, and yet

As humble as a child. No fruitless tears,
Like those that Alexander shed of old,
For other worlds to win; for whoso takes
That wondrous citadel can from its walls
Count tier on tier of battlements to scale
Before his eager eyes will scan the broad
Arena of great Nature's laws. And thus
The conqueror grows a child, and wears with grace
The garments of humility. 'Tis those,
And only those, who in dark trenches make
Faint passes with a play-time sword, nor reach
Beyond, who boast their prowess. Take thou heed:
Sleep not upon thy post, so thou wouldst prove
Thyself a warrior worthy of the cause.
God give thee armor proof against assault

In whatsoever guise it come to thee,
Rounding thy life with every joy that makes
Complete the days of man, and grant that when
Thou layest down thy helmet and thy steel
'Twill be to take up worthier beyond.

A Prayer.

"My cup runneth over."—Ps. xxiii. 5.

I THANK thee, O my God! The cup I prayed
Might pass untasted from my lips has proved
The richest draught my life has ever known.
In gratitude for this, oh grant that I
May nevermore distrust thy power to lead,
But clinging close keep always near to Thee—
So near that in my heart henceforth may dwell
The prayer Christ taught—forgiveness to our foes.

A Battle-Cry.

"I pity, I forgive, I forget."—Louis XVIII.

You ask me whence the armor came
That steeled me through those days to live:
He sent it who has taught me since
To pity and forgive.

You ask me how I bore the cross
Ere recompensing crown was set;
I like not to recall those hours:
Would that I could forget!

You tell me now I know my friends;
I knew them all, dear love, before;
The phalanx never broke nor swayed
That Friendship's banner bore.

You tell me that henceforth my life
Is freed from Envy's vengeful eye;
Believe it not. Till heaven is gained
Her arrows still will fly.

But yet one word for you I have:
This armor that's around me wrought
Not only keeps her shafts from me,
But makes them all as naught.

Draw as she may her monstrous bow,
With poisoned arrows basely set,
They cannot pierce the mail I wear,
Since now I pity and forget.

JANUARY, 1875.

THE SEASONS.

An April Day.

The April rain falls slowly,
Like tears that follow sighs,
And fleecy clouds glide lightly
Over the azure skies;
The soft south wind is wooing
The pale clematis vine,
Dallying with its tendrils
As trustingly they twine.

The east a rainbow spanneth,
Promise of watchful love—
A glowing, gorgeous banner,
That fairies might have wove

With rays of gold and purple,
With emeralds' flashing light,
With tints from deep blue sapphires,
And hearts of rubies bright.

From sward that spreads before me
The crocus lifts its head,
And pale and starry flowers
Peep from their winter bed;
And o'er the latticed trellis
The clinging vine doth creep,
While down amid the mossy turf
The harebell lies asleep.

I love the gentle April—
Her soft and balmy sighs;
Her smiles are ofttimes tearful,
But hope's in her earnest eyes;

Sweet in truth is the lesson
That grief may learn alway,
For ever-weeping April
Is followed by joyous May.

A Day in Midsummer.

Lo! from yonder rising upland
  Springs the dewy-footed Morn,
Sweeping with her waving garments
  Through the fields of rustling corn.
Through the vale she quickly glideth,
  Breathing on the billowy grain,
And, like amber wavelets flowing,
  See it sparkle o'er the plain.

Now she bends beside the fountain
  In the deep and dark ravine,
Bathes her lips and sunny forehead,
  Wreathes her brow with garlands green.

In the grand old woods she wanders,
Through the blossoming leafy bowers,
Weaving in a perfumed chaplet
Tender buds and charming flowers.

To the lightly-dancing streamlet
Breatheth she sweet notes of glee
As adown the rocks it leapeth,
Laughing o'er the loving lea.
In her eyes you see no traces
Of the depths of natal gloom
Which her parent, Night, enshrouded,
As she weeping left his tomb.

Light of heart, she onward hastens,
Humming o'er the water's tune,
While, upon the hill-tops sleeping,
Waits her younger sister, Noon.

Morn awakes her with her kisses,
And the beauty lifts her eyes
On the sunny vales and uplands
Where the grass enameled lies.

Flinging back her golden tresses,
Waving in voluptuous light,
Now the graceful Noon arises,
Glorious in her sister's sight.
Then the maiden Morn departeth,
And sweet Noon walks forth alone,
Languishing beside the fountains
For her lovely sister flown.

Every hour she grows still sadder,
Every hour she mourns in vain,
Till at length the star-crowned Evening
Hastens o'er the lonely plain;

Struck with wonder at the beauty
Even of her fading charms,
Evening bows entranced before her,
And she sleeps within his arms.

AUTUMN SCENES.

AUTUMN is here. His russet mantle's fold
Trails over all the woodland groves around,
Scattering bright gems of purple set in gold
Like drifts of amethysts to the mossy ground.
The katydid has ceased her plaintive tale,
The whippoorwill has sought a southern zone,
Alone the corn-bird screams along the vale,
Then listens to the hoarse wind's answering tone.

The grass-grown path beside the chestnut wood
Is nearly hidden by the drifting leaves;

The plough-boy gleans the nuts where thickest strewed,
Or helps the farmer stack his yellow sheaves;
The river, murmuring o'er its rocky bed,
Smiles up as fondly to the forest spray
As if it sought the falling leaves to wed,
And bear them from their sheltered home away.

The wild-flower, shivering on its slender stalk,
Meets the rude blast, and sways to rise again,
Spreading its petals gay by woodland walk,
Heedless of drenching dews and beating rain.
Not so its sister plants in garden bowers;
They droop and die, afraid of winter's cold,
All save the artemisia's clustering flowers,
And here and there a stately marigold.

'Midst all of autumn's ever mournful sounds
The cricket chirps his never-ceasing lay,
And wild bees, buzzing o'er their daily rounds,
Hasten to bear their stolen sweets away.
The laborer, plodding homeward from his toil
O'er fields where gleaners gathered all the day,
Finds a few scattered sheaves upon the soil,
And with a light heart whistles on his way.

Once in his home, his cheerful wife will meet
With welcoming smiles his true and fond caress;
His little ones will gather round his feet,
And humble happiness his hours will bless.
Ah! praised be God for all the garnered love
That makes our earthly pilgrimage so bright,
Leading our thoughts to mansions fair above,
Where never falls the darkness of the night.

WINTER.

THE tattered robes of autumn cling
Around the trembling forest trees,
Falling at touch of wild-bird's wing
Or sighing of the troubled breeze.
The gorgeous beauty of her prime
Has faded from the woods away;
A stranger from an arctic clime
Woos the sad earth by night and day.

He hangs her brow with jewels rare,
He wraps her form in ermine white,
And gems a queen might deign to wear
Gleam from its folds' prismatic light.

In vain is all the wealth he brings;
She sadly sighs for days agone,
For autumn's bright and beauteous things,
For summer's laughing, joyous tone.

At his embrace her heart grows chill;
She shudders as he clasps her round;
The pulses of her life stand still,
A pale bride frightened at each sound.
Alas! she mourneth not alone
The hours that are for ever past,
The happy days for ever flown,
Too brightly beautiful to last.

I know of eyes now dim with tears,
I know of breasts grown strangely cold,
For wintry smiles and chilling fears
Have changed those loving eyes of old.

Oh, would that summer in the heart
  Might ever hold her gentle reign,
Or if stern Winter claims a part
  She would resume her sway again.

But no. Unlike the changing years,
  When once her radiant form has flown
In vain you woo her smiles or tears,
  In vain the buried dead you mourn.
Ah! cherish, then, your summer days,
  Your autumn glories, as they fly;
Too soon will come the wintry rays
  When all their beauties fade and die.

LOVE AND FAME

AN ALLEGORY.

LOVE AND FAME.

"To be great is to be exposed to all the shafts of envy; but to love is to wear an 'armor against fate.'"

I DREAMED.

Before me stood a vision bright,
A creature of celestial light,
Of glorious mien and mould.
Her velvet robe, with hem of gold,
Fell to her feet in graceful fold,
Gleaming with jewels rare but cold.
Her dark hair shaded piercing eyes
Which flashed like stars from midnight skies,
While, proud as Asiatic queen,
She wore her crown of laurel green.
In reverence I bowed my head,
And saw, low kneeling by my bed,

A gentler, fairer, sylph-like form
Whose eyes with love were beaming warm.
She spake; her voice was sweetly low;
In silver tones it seemed to flow:
"Turn not away from heart like mine:
It throbbeth warm and true;
Turn not away that glance of thine
Though bright yon form to view.
Her path is through a weary way,
Sharp thorns will pierce thy feet,
And falsely flatt'ring is the lay
Thy list'ning ear will greet.
The canker eateth at her heart,
It gnaweth to the core;
Oh, bid her from thy side depart,
And never tempt thee more.
There's poison in the laurel leaf
That's braided in her hair;

Her very smile will bring thee grief,
Although it seems so fair.
Thy brightest hopes will all decay,
Thy joys to ashes turn,
And in thy breast with fitful sway
Their smouldering embers burn."
The low voice ceased. I raised my eyes
From hers, as blue as azure skies,
And turned them from her glance so warm
Upon the stately, radiant form.
The dark eyes smiled; entrancing gaze!
How fast my heart beat 'neath their rays!
The red lips moved; melodious flow!
Deep-toned as bugle-notes drawn low,—
They thrilled my heart with bounding throe.
"My name is Fame," the goddess said;
"My mission unto thee;

Bright glory 'round thy path I'll shed
If thou wilt go with me.
The way is steep, not beautiful;
But when we gain the end,
I'll crown with glittering coronal
The brow that thou wilt bend.
The world shall turn an envious gaze
Upon thy lofty height,
And thou shalt proudly meet those rays,
And glory in thy might.
Then come with me; leave yonder fay
To minds of meaner mould;
Come, on our path away, away,
With step as light, as bold."
That clarion voice awoke a lyre;
It filled my veins with molten fire
As one by one its chords were swept.
I turned to Love; she, kneeling, wept;

Her lashes long drooped low with tears,
And 'neath their lids crouched boding fears.
"Look ere we part," she sighing said;
Again I raised my throbbing head,
And saw through fields of viewless air
A pathway radiantly fair.
Green were the grots and mossy glades,
Cool flowed the rills in greener shades,
And wild flowers grew in tangled maze
Beneath the thick vine's arching ways.
The velvet turf was gemmed with dew,
And starry flowers and violets blue,
And flute-like voices stirred the air,
From lips of maidens fond and fair.
The path swept to a river's side,
Where timidly upon the tide,
With foot advanced, its power they tried.

The amber wavelets gently bore
Their light forms from the verdant shore;
But oh! entrancing, rapturous sight
The banks beyond of crystal bright,
Wreathed with rich vines of glossy green,
And flowers so rare no eye hath seen,
And gates of emerald and gold,
And streets of pearl, and fountains cold,
While angel forms glide forth to greet
The angel spirits which they meet.
"I'll go with thee, dear Love," I cried;
And still for Fame my spirit sighed.
She marked the wildly-heaving sigh,
She saw the tears gleam in my eye,
And pointing with her faultless hand,
Said: "Look at yonder toiling band."
I looked; and, lo! 'midst rocks and briers,
'Midst nameless graves and funeral pyres,

Fame's toil-worn band were struggling on
Beneath the fierce rays of the sun,
No mossy glades, no vine-arched ways,
To shelter them from burning rays;
Their sunken eyes gleamed wild and strange,
And frequent looks of hate exchanged.
Upward and onward still they pressed,
While some, more weary than the rest,
Found by the way an unknown grave,
For not one stopped to soothe or save;
But often trampling on the weak,
A higher place they seemed to seek.
They paused not for the dying wail,
The cheek so wan, so ashy pale;
And shuddering at the fearful sight,
I turned away in sad affright.
For Fame no more my spirit sighed,
Ambition's torch that moment died.

I follow Love, and Fame may flee—
No longer she hath charms for me;
Pale Envy's shafts at her are borne,
But Love escapes with armor worn
That clothes the form from crown to heel,
Invulnerable as proven steel.
So now with Love I dwell alone,
Out of the reach of missiles thrown
By Fame's worn band and Hatred's crew,
That plan assaults Love never knew.

LOVE.

"Where love is, heaven is."
—BARBARA'S HISTORY.

I.

WHAT time sad Winter's snows cold-sowed the earth,
And leaden skies hid Heaven from our sight,
While wrangling winds wailed o'er their tortured birth
Through short cold days and long cold hours of night,
Love planted in my heart his seeds of fire,
Thrilling each vein with vibrant, strange delight,
Changing my pulses to electric wire,
Though still his face was hidden from my sight.

II.

What time the goddess of the spring came down
To bring her yearly offering of flowers,
And Earth threw off her icy veil and gown,
Her bosom quickening in the sun-god's showers,
When virginal fields of pale forget-me-not
Couched side by side with crimson clover lay,
Then walked I in those fields with Love, I wot,
Still blindly trusting him to lead the way.

III.

What time hot Summer's throbbing skies of blue
Shone o'er these meadows where our steps had strayed,

And her warm breath steeped in rich fragrance through
Filled with sweet languors all the hours we made,
I saw Love's face, and all my blood to flame
He kindled with his asking eyes on mine;
And I, divining what he wished to claim,
Said in my heart, "Already I am thine."

IV.

What time the purple grapes hung on the vine,
And pregnant earth was teeming with her fruit,
And men and maidens harvested the wine,
Dancing at close to zittern and to lute:

Within Love's arms, close circling me around,
Languid with kisses which his warm lips rained,
I said, "At last life's secret I have found,
At last my earthly paradise is gained."

RECORDS OF A SUMMER TOUR.

I.

GENESEE FALLS.

On thy wild banks, O lovely Genesee!
I stand entranced, gazing with calm delight
Upon thy leaping waters, foaming white
Like wings of angels in their purity.
From the abyss curls upward the thin spray,
As incense from some massive temple shrine,
Bathing in ten-fold beauty shrub and vine,
And lingering there as though they wooed its stay.

Below, the stream glides onward tranquilly,
Mirroring upon its fair and placid sheen
The crested cliffs, with all their wealth of green,
Until it meets Ontario's inland sea:
There, there it falls most peacefully to rest
Like some worn child upon its mother's breast!

II.

NIAGARA ABOVE THE CATARACT.

RIVER of banks and woods and waters green,
With all of beauty to attract the eye,
Why leaps my heart as past thy shores we fly?
Art thou not quiet as an infant's dream,
Pure as its thoughts, unruffled as its brow
When circled by its mother's arms in sleep,
While o'er it she doth still her vigils keep?
Then wherefore leaps my heart so wildly now?

Hark to that roar, deep as the thunder's tone,
And in the distance see the sun's last ray
Falling on clouds of never-ceasing spray.
In its wild beatings is my heart alone?
Thou glidest on to meet that battling flood,
Fearless as warrior to the field of blood!

III.

NIAGARA BELOW THE CATARACT.

WITHIN a temple's towering walls I stand—
A temple vast; the heaven is its dome.
No corniced crag was hewn by human hand,
Nor by it wrought this tracery of foam;
The inlaid floor of emerald and pearl
Heaves at the hidden organ's thunderous peal,
While round and up the clouds of incense curl,
Shrouding the chancel where the billows kneel.

Ah! bow your heads. It is a fitting place
For solemn thought, for deep and earnest prayer;
For here the finger of our God I trace,
Beneath, above, around me, everywhere;
He hollowed out this grand and mighty nave,
And robed his altar with the ocean wave!

IV.

St. Lawrence River.

Down, down we glide these "Thousand Isles" between,
Lovely as fairy-land to dreaming child,
Sweeping past shores now fringed with verdure green,
Now clasped by rocks and tangled forests wild.
Anon, like arrow from an aim that's true,
We dart adown the rapids' fearful whirl,
The rough "Cascades," the less exciting "Sue,"
Where round the rocks the foaming waters curl.

And so the day glides on. At eve we near
The wild "La Chine," peril on every side;
Our hearts stand still, our cheeks grow pale with fear;
One plunge: the brave boat safely through doth ride
On where the purple hills so grandly loom,
All heedless now of twilight's gathering gloom!

SONNETS.

I.

MORNING.

THE morning breaks. Across the amber sky
Gray clouds are trooping slowly one by one,
Their edges crimsoned by the rising sun.
Mist wreaths upon the distant mountains lie,
And violet vapors through the valley glide,
Veiling the crystal stream that winds along,
For ever murmuring, in low, gushing song,
To the sweet flowers and fern that droop beside.

My heart to God springs up in thankful prayer!
Most beautiful on such a morn doth seem
This earth, most radiant, as the sun's first gleam
Flashes afar athwart the woodland fair.
In pleasant ways my pilgrimage is cast:
God only grant these happy days may last!

II.

Noon.

The glorious sun is midway in the sky,
But for the clouds it scarcely can be seen;
Their shadows fall athwart the meadows green,
And o'er the brown fields where the sheaves still lie.
Ah! now my heart is filled with boding dread,
And tears break slowly from my downcast eyes
Like drops of rain from all unwilling skies
When April's flowers bloom fair above the dead.

A whisper trembles through the noon-tide air,
The rustling of the pines the wind before,
Mayhap, yet sounds a dirge like "nevermore."
And back I gaze upon the past so fair,
Yet glean not courage for the coming night,
From whence I see no ray of guiding light!

III.

NIGHT.

To-night a thick mist fills the valley wide,
And banks of clouds wall in the arching skies,
Hiding the starlight from my eager eyes.
Black loom the rocks upon the dark hill-side,
And all is drear and lone where late, so gay,
The reapers toiled amid the golden grain,
Leaving the ripened field with loaded wain,
To wait the dawning of another day.

O gloomy night! thy shadow falls on me
As in the shrouded future I divine
Still darker hours than ever yet were mine.
Then o'er my breast the waves of sorrow's sea
Shall beat more fiercely for the calm before.
O Life! how wild the storms that sweep thy shore!

VOICES OF THE PAST.

My Country.

WHAT shall I do for thee, my land,
In this thy hour of need?
Thy cry goes up unto the skies,
And shall I take no heed?

Shall all my nights be spent in rest,
And all my days in ease,
While thousands sleep in tented fields
Beneath the wintry breeze,

And thousands more by silent hearths
Await the battle-cry?
The keenest suffering in war
Comes not to those who die.

O God! to think of all the woe
Beneath the mourner's roof,
The days of sickening, sad suspense
That herald in the truth!

O God! to think of all the tears
That drench this hapless land
From Mississippi's winding course
To broad Atlantic's strand!

Ah! mothers, wives and sisters fond
Who wait the tidings dread,
I would our country might be saved,
And you still weep no dead.

But did I count as many sons
As did Cornelia bold,
I'd gird myself their weapons on,
And speed them from my fold.

My eyes are full of gathering tears,
But not for those away;
Alas that I've not one to send
To fight our cause to-day!

I'll give my time, my life, my all;
And may the offering be
As worthy of thee, O my land!
As if I died for thee!

PARTING.

My craven heart belied my words. I said
"I would not have you elsewhere in this hour;
And so God speed, my boy," while gushing up
Came words I scarce could stifle back, entreating
Him to stay. The kiss of parting almost cleft
My heart in twain, for heaven alone could know
If it were not the last. If such the grief
In parting with my boy—mine only that
I love him so, also that when she died
Who loved him as a mother only can,
I promised before God to fill her place
As far as in me lay,—if such my grief

What must the anguish be of those who send
The boys they bear to danger's front to fight
The battles of our righteous cause? God save
And pity such! But may He blast
And wither all the ties of life to those
Accursèd ones who brought this on our land!
Yet what am I, who pray for vengeance, when
Our Christ hath taught forgiveness to our foes?
Father, forgive, and give us grace to wait
Thy time of vengeance, which, though slow, is sure.

THE IRISH BOYS.

"At Winchester two Irish companies in the rebel service refused to fire on the United States flag."—LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

THE Irish boys are bold and brave,
The Irish boys are true;
They love the dear old Stars and Stripes,
The spangled field of blue.

'Tis Mulligan can tell the tale
Of how they fought that day
When with the foe at Lexington
They met in bloody fray.

Fast whizzed the shot and murderous shell,
The bullets fell like rain;
But dauntless stood his brave brigade,
The heroes of the plain.

Then pressed the foe in serried ranks,
But not to them they yield;
Hunger and thirst had done their work
Before they gave the field.

Oh, honor to the Irish boys,
And cheers of three times three;
Old Ireland is with our side;
I wish that she were free.

Though brave were those who nobly fought,
Yet braver still the band
Who, forced by rebels in their ranks,
United made their stand.

They saw the old and honored flag
Borne out upon the air,
And not a gun was raised against
Its floating folds so fair.

Ah! Lexington and Springfield boast
Their heroes true and grand,
But Winchester shall stir men's hearts
Throughout Columbia's land.

Oh, honor to the Irish boys,
And cheers of three times three;
For Ireland we'll fight some day,
And she shall yet be free.

"*Forward, March!*"

On Newbern's bloody battle-ground,
Bold as a crusade knight,
Our young lieutenant led us on,
All eager for the fight.

"Forward, my men, my comrades brave!"
His voice rang loud and clear;
And charging with our bayonets,
We followed in the rear.

And, ever foremost, on he pressed;
Our ranks held firm and true,
Though volley after volley poured,
And thinned us through and through.

"Well done, my boys! the day is ours;
Like veterans you've fought."
Another crash of musketry:
The day was dearly bought;

For there upon the accursèd soil
Our young lieutenant lay;
Too brave for even one low moan,
His life-blood ebbed away.

Loud rang his voice, as clarion clear,
As when he onward led:
"Forward, my boys! the day is ours!"
Then fell back with the dead.

And "Forward!" is our battle-cry,
Which through the land shall ring
Until the Union is restored
And Liberty is king.

WAITING.

How long, O Lord, how long?
  Our weary souls make plaint;
How long, Lord, wilt thou hold
  Thy arms from those who faint?

Our cause is thine, O God!
  For justice, truth and right
We girded on the sword,
  And trusted in thy might.

We know that not in vain
  We place our hope in thee,
That when thy time is ripe
  Sure is our victory.

How long, O Lord, how long?
Our weary souls make plaint;
Eternal truth and justice reign:
Let not our hearts grow faint.

WIDOWED.

JUNE 30, 1865.

THE summer breeze hath lost its joyous tone,
Straying through woodland paths where late
he strayed;
The very sun shines sadly to her eyes,
The stream but moans that once sweet music
made.

True to herself, to her heroic heart,
Resigned she counts the hours that slowly
glide,
As when her country called, though loth to
part,
She braved the days that kept him from her
side.

Ah! those were times of troubled, wearing fear,
But through the murderous storms of shot and shell
He lived to count his victory complete,
And meet the homage he had earned so well.

"Waiting for orders," to his home he sped.
Ah, God be praised! the orders never came,
And months slipped by in joy and solace rare,
Save that the land he loved was scourged by flame—

Save that unto his judgment and his skill,
Ripened by rich experience of years,
They paid no heed, but wrought the weaker will,
While Time made manifest how just his fears.

How wise and true counsels that might have
saved
An untold number of most precious lives,
Uncounted sums of treasure to our land,
And myriad tears of mothers, sisters, wives!

"Waiting for orders!" Suddenly they came,
But not to marshal hosts as erst before;
Not into danger's midst God calls him now,
But through the portals of his golden door.

His perfect life, rounded with duties filled,
Closed on him calmly as a summer's day;
No shock of pain, no anguished gaze of love,
Wrestled in vain to bid his spirit stay.

The scathing flame had cleansed his country free,
And holy Peace was brooding o'er the land,

A fitting time for one to pass from earth
Whose days have left us such a record grand.

But for the anguish of his widowed one,
We may not check unbidden tears that flow;
Comfort her with thy presence, O our Christ!
And give her peace such as God's angels know.

I.

In Rome, May, 1863.

Not for Italy waking from fetters
Of centuries' pestilent sleep,
Not for Italy arming for freedom,
These tears of compassion I weep;
But my thoughts flow afar from this region,
Afar from its classical lore,
My thoughts flow afar from this region,
Back, back to my own native shore.
I mourn on the banks of the Tiber
For the ills of my own native shore.

O Columbia! fairest of countries,
Must thy valleys, so fruitful and still,
Be shorn, like these plains, of their glory,
And yield to the conqueror's will?

Thy cities be swept of the treasures
By peace and prosperity won,
Whilst the carnage of battle is raging
'Twixt father and brother and son?
O Columbia! fairest of countries,
Have the days of thy sorrow begun?

The days when the tears of thy orphans
Shall sprinkle thy green sod like rain,
When countless the wives and the mothers
Who mourn o'er their wounded and slain;
When the hopes of the nations in darkness,
Whose eyes turned upon thee for light,
Shall grow faint in thy bitter despairing,
Shall be lost in the blackness of night?
Alas for the hopes of the nations
That trusted thy glory and might!

O Rome! in the days of thy glory,
In the days of thy pomp and thy pride,
When thy legions outnumbered the nations
Which thou in thy triumph defied,
Didst thou dream of the sad devastation
That, hurtling o'er hillside and plain,
Should sweep down thy temples and columns
As low as thy warriors slain?
Didst thou dream of the long night of silence
That should fall o'er thy beautiful plain?

II.

AT HOME, MAY, 1864.

THUS mused I in dark days of sadness
Ere the purpose of God I had seen:
Our country was shattered and falling,
No strength had it whereon to lean.
But now dawns its day of redemption,
The time of its triumph draws nigh;
No longer a nation of bondsmen
Lift manacled hands to the sky;
But God in his glory appeareth,
And cleaving the channel of red,
These dark hosts, by him marshaled over,
The fair land of promise shall tread,

And the eyes of the nations in darkness
Shall *still* turn upon us for light,
As, scaling the pure heights of freedom,
We grow in our grandeur and might.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

The Midnight Vigil.

The winds are holding carnival to-night,
Driving their chariot clouds across the sky;
Weird sounds are borne upon the troubled air
As troop by troop the pale hosts hurry by.

They waken superstitions of my youth
Which years ago I thought were lulled to rest,
When Reason took them in her matron arms
And rocked them sleeping on her matron breast.

But now these sobs once more upon the night
Fall as before in days so long ago;
I seem to hear low voices murmur by
In waves of sound as tides that ebb and flow;

As if the spirits of the dead were loose,
Calling for others their pale ranks to swell.
Oh, pass us by within this loving home;
Come not anear us with such purpose fell.

I keep my vigils by a sleeping form,
The tears fall ever from my watching eyes;
O God, in mercy grant he may be spared!
Who could replace him in his counsels wise?

Who could replace him in his tender love?
Who the great void could ever, ever fill?
Ah, cease thy questionings, fond and feeble heart,
And learn to wait upon God's holy will.

The wind in peaceful murmurs dies away;
A sacramental silence fills the air;
The spirits of the just are round about,
And God, in whom I trust, is everywhere.

DECEMBER, 1859.

II.

AFTER THE VIGIL.

THEY told me time would deaden grief;
  And so I sat with folded hands,
And waited for the slow relief,
  And watched the hour-glass' glittering sands.

The days went by I knew not how;
  I only knew he was not here;
Morning and night were all the same,
  Morning and night alike were drear.

One thought I mused on o'er and o'er:
  If love survives the grave, I said,
He will come back to me again;
  They cannot keep him with the dead.

His every thought was for our weal;
Can he so soon forget us there
As any happiness to know
While our sharp cries still cleave the air?

Then came thick clouds across my brain;
My faith and trust were lost in gloom;
This is the end of man, I cried;
All that once loved lies in the tomb.

Oh mad'ning thought! My reason reeled;
Life seemed to me a cruel jest;
I mourned the hour that gave me birth,
And called upon the grave for rest.

God answered not my erring prayer,
But gently took me by the hand,
And led me to the house of want,
And whispered there His kind command:

"Go feed the hungry, bind the bruised,
Speak to the dying words of cheer;
So shalt thou feel within thy heart
Thy heaven begun, though wandering here.

"So shalt thou feel his spirit still
Ever in ministry with thine;
Mortal, he is not lost to thee:
He waits beyond the bounds of time."

III.

DEATH.

O WONDROUS sphinx! within thy marble breast
What undreamed secrets lie concealed?
Hast thou no pity for my wild unrest,
My maddening longing for the unrevealed?

As soon might I expect the stones to melt
Beneath the vernal April's frequent rain;
As soon might I expect thou wouldst relent,
And give unto my arms my dead again.

"Blind on the rocks," I stand, and stretch my hands;
Wearied and faint, unto my God I cry;

Oh! show to me these mysteries of Death,
Even if them to learn I too must die.

The days pass on. He does not heed my prayer;
He still has work on earth for me to do;
Ah, wondrous sphinx! my lips will one day wear
Thy smile of peace when all my work is through.

Then shall my soul escape these bonds of clay,
Soaring through space to solve thy secrets old;
Then shall my dead be given back to me;
Then shall the wisdom of my God unfold.

An Autumn Sunset.

These amber clouds of autumn skies,
Like islands of the blest,
Float on to my enraptured eyes
Across the radiant west.
With crimson tints the saffron blends,
Dark purple streaks the sky,
And snow-white masses floating up
Like sails go gliding by.
The sun has vanished from my sight,
The twilight gathers round;
She casts the banners of the night
Athwart the vestured ground.
And all the earth is calm and still;
No sound falls on the ear

Save the low murmur of the stream
That winds along the mere;
And down, far down, the deep ravine
Some insects plaintive cry,
And now and then a wild bird's call
As flocks go swooping by.

Ah! in the silence of this hour
How fast the memories throng!
While the tears will rise unbidden
Although the heart be strong—
Tears which but one short twelvemonth since
We little thought to shed,
For loving eyes smiled on us then
That now are with the dead.

We miss the pressure of her hand,
Her fond and gentle tone,
And wheresoe'er we turn our eyes
We miss the love-light flown.

Oh, never can this earth put on
The brightness erst it wore,
Nor autumn winds nor autumn skies
The glories once they bore.

1851.

A Sister-in-law's Tribute.

I had a lovely sister, and very fair was she;
Her eyes would match the ring-dove's, so pure their brilliancy;
Her voice was low and liquid, her hair was soft and brown,
And her cheeks were like the roses that bloom in Summer's crown.

But not for all her beauty my sister did I prize:
'Twas for the love that looked on me from out her gentle eyes,
'Twas for the soul's sweet graces that beamed upon her face,
And all the truth and goodness that in her heart found place.

'Twas not in days of childhood we learned to
love so well,
Her home a city's crowded mart, mine in a
northern dell;
And not until a husband's love my happy life
had crowned
Did I find the name of "sister" so very sweet
a sound.

For years our skies were cloudless, our paths
were strewn with flowers;
But at length we saw the shadows from out
the coming hours.
Ah! then life's thorns so pierced our hearts
beside *our* mother's tomb
We felt no more the sunshine, we saw no
more the bloom.

Time laid his hand upon our grief; once more
the skies grew bright,
When o'er my sister's home there fell the
darkness of the night;
In the midst of anxious watchings the angel
Death came down,
And bore away her fairest to beautify his
crown.

And now, though well I loved her when sor-
row was unknown,
For all these days of anguish she had far
dearer grown;
I said, If prayers can shield her from aught of
grief or ill,
Can bring her any gladness, God knows mine
surely will.

Alas! 'twas not in power of love to save her
life from care:
God lays on all the burdens He wishes us to
bear.
She had her joys and sorrows, as those of
mortal birth,
But bore them all so meekly she seemèd not
of earth.

And now that God hath called her unto her
heavenly rest,
Why should we mourn and murmur? He know-
eth what is best.
Give us, dear Lord, the eyes of faith, that
henceforth we may see
The one whom thou hast called from us, for
ever, Lord, with thee.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

"The loveliest spot on earth."

In hallowed silence let me keep this day
Sacred to one whose home was erstwhile here,
Who hath escaped her pinioned bonds of clay,
And with the angels roves from sphere to sphere.
We know that sorrow cannot reach her there;
We do not wish her back where tears are shed.
Within those regions gloriously fair
Mysterious joys attend our sainted dead;
The deepest bliss that earth can e'er bestow
Hides wearing griefs too oft beneath it all;

But in those realms no touch of care nor woe
Upon the pure and ransomed spirit falls.

* * * * * *

Only one year ago her home was here,
And every bud and flower bloomed for her.
She watched the sails that glided far and near,
The crested tide wooing the rocky shore,
The angel clouds that beckoned her away,
And all but one short year ago to-day.
How patiently she bore the rod of pain,
Yet plead for life because it was so dear!
Oh, suffering one, who now within the veil
Dost see thy Father's wisdom vast and clear,
Could we but know the glories of thy state,
How should we long to share them there with thee!

How would our restless souls scarce deign to wait
The longed-for hour when Death shall set us free!
Canst thou not bend thy pitying eyes from heaven,
Filled with their mother-smile of tenderest love,
As shine the distant, holy stars of even,
From the deep richness of the realms above?

No; ask it not. He knoweth what is best
Whose joys no eye hath seen nor tongue confest.

NEWPORT, JULY 13, 1868.

A Dirge.

Stainless lilies of the vale,
Fragile lilies, pure and pale,
  Slowly toll your crystal bells!
Hear ye not a mournful tale
In the zephyr's dying wail
  As it murmurs through the dells?

Wild-wood violets, meek and low,
White as any flake of snow,
  Closer bow your heads to earth!
Do you feel no pang, no throe,
Is there no sign by which you know
  A mortal's heavenly birth?

Song-birds by that forest side
Where the rippling waters glide,
Breathe a slower, sadder strain!
For our hearts send up a plaint
Through our voices low and faint,
And she answers not again.

Summer roses wet with dew,
Clouds that float o'er heaven's blue,
All things pure and frail and fair,
Bring some offering to the grave
Where the dark pines nightly wave,
For our loveliest sleepeth there.

ISABEL.

"And Jesus called a little child to him."—MATT. xviii. 2.

WHERE have they led our little Bell,
The firstling of the fold,
Who was rocked to rest
On her mother's breast
So tenderly of old?

Where have they led our little Bell?
Have they left her with the dead?
We miss the pure grace
Of her fair young face;
Where was the sweet child led?

Down in the church-yard drear and lone,
Was Isabel left there?

With marble cold cheek,
And hands folded meek,
  Like those of a saint at prayer?

No, not the grave-yard drear and lone
  Holdeth our little Bell.
God opened his gate,
And the royal state
  Of her glory who shall tell?

The angels called her all the day,
  Our dear Lord let her in.
Why should we so weep,
When through gates of sleep
  A sweet child passeth from sin?

1856.

REJOICE.

FAIR and serene the Sabbath dawned, the day
of peace and rest,
A fitting time for this sweet child to leave his
mother's breast;
For in this month four years ago, upon a
Sabbath day,
They laid him on his mother's heart, where
he hath lain alway.
Ah! in that hour did she divine he was a
treasure lent,
That after him with tender love her eyes
were ever sent?

How hung she on each prattling word! What
deep joy and serene
Shone from her face like pictured saints, a
matchless mother-queen!
God knew she could not give him up till days
of trial sore
Had robbed her boy of his proud strength and
changed the looks he wore.
No; with that glorious dower of grace, that
form so lithe and brave,
'Twould sure have rent her heart in twain to
lay him in the grave.
So days and weeks of wasting pain had
changed her darling fair;
And when God's messenger drew near, "Take
gently" was her prayer.
Calm and serene the Sabbath sun sank in the
burnished west,

Calm and serene the sweet child passed into his heavenly rest.

The eye of faith was given me to see the angels fair

Who bore the spirit to its home up through the golden air,

And now I know, in meadows green, by waters pure and still,

Where neither tears nor sufferings come, the dear child walks at will.

The angels lead him by the hand; Christ holds him on his breast;

Oh, mother fond, could e'er your love *here* give him such a rest?

Rejoice, rejoice! the years will flee, the time will come again

When he shall lie within your arms, an angel free from stain.

Rest, rest, my child! and yet my tears belie the words I say,

So keenly in this hour I feel thy anguish this fair day.

Go, weep no more! Find some dear spot, some lone and lovely dell,

Where you can lay the cherished dust and say: "My child, 'tis well;"

And whensoe'er you think of him, think not upon this clay,

But of the angel hosts of heaven, where he shall dwell alway.

August, 1859.

MEMORIES.

"She was loved
Only as idols are; she was the pride
Of her familiar sphere."

AGAIN I stand beside thy grave, my friend,
Striving in vain to check these flowing tears;
Again above this emerald mound I bend,
Recalling all our love in childhood's years.

Thy soft eyes, radiant with the spirit's light,
Again beam on me as in days of yore,
Thy rippling hair, thy brow so marble white,
The tender smiles thy red lips ever wore.

Again I walk thy graceful form beside;
Hand clasped in hand, we rove from dale to dale,

And in the shade where flows the crystal tide
We wreathe the ivy and the lilies pale.

'Tis but a dream; the cypress tree doth wave
Its gloomy branches o'er thy cherished form,
And moaning night winds whisper round thy grave
When through these dark pines sweeps the weeping storm.

Still grow the lilies in yon meadow green,
Still flows the streamlet o'er the silver sand;
There's naught to miss from this fair woodland scene,
But the soft pressure of thy clasping hand.

And thou, our fairest lily of the vale,
Hast faded, wilted, ceased, alas! to bloom;

Summer's soft breath can never aught avail
To raise our flow'ret from the turf-spanned tomb.

But, O my God! I thank thee for the faith
Which to my heart in mercy hath been given;
For while I mourn a voice within me saith,
"Thy lily blooms more beautiful in heaven."

WESTFIELD, MASS.
20*

THE DYING WIFE.

"For death itself I did not fear;
'Tis love that makes the pain."—E. B. B.

OPEN the casement wide and give me air,
And let me look once more upon the sky,
Once more upon my earthly home so fair,
Once more before I die.

How gently doth the south wind fan my brow,
Kissing the tresses damp with death's cold dew!
How sweet the clustering flowers on yon green bough!
The far-off heaven how blue!

More beautiful to me the earth doth seem,
Now that I feel the parting hour is near,

More terrible the sleep without one dream,
The grave more dark and drear.

Clasp close the hand that hath not strength to press;
Kiss, kiss the lips that soon will be so cold;
Say when I'm gone you will not love me less
Than in the days of old.

Beloved, it is a bitter thing to die,
To feel the pulse grow weak while love is strong,
To know that dim and dimmer grows the eye
That watched thy smile so long.

Ah! earth hath been to me too much like heaven,
Thy love hath made me prize my life too well;

But earthly treasures are but lent, not given,
As thy fond tears do tell.

Then let me die. I would not live to see
Thy smile wax less, faint and more faint thy tone;
Life would be worse than death, dear love, to me,
If thou, my life, wert gone.

Then let me die. The resurrection morn
Shall wake me from my long and dreamless rest,
And by thy side in heaven (both newly born)
Shall we be ever blest.

For there is neither death nor sorrow there,
And God is love; and love to us is given

To make our earthly life more passing fair,
And more of bliss our heaven.

Farewell, farewell! I know my end is near;
Bend down beside me till I feel thy breath;
God bless thee, love, when I'm no longer here:
Oh, this indeed is death!

A TRIBUTE.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,

ERECTED BY ALEXIS I. DU PONT.

NEVER of dust beneath did sculptured tomb
So eloquently speak as this gray spire
Of thee, O laborer without hire, whose day
Closed with the noon, thy Master calling thee
Straight from the field before thy work was done
To rest with him above. Before thy work
Was done? We dare not say of thee, whose life
Was filled to overflowing with good deeds—
Who crowded labors in the noon-tide hour
So vast as this—that aught was left undone.

No. Blessed be He who set thee to thy task,
And when the hours of servitude were o'er
Redeemed the promise of our Christ, and called
Thee home to glories of thy heritage.

* * * * *

These massive walls defy the hand of Time;
Long years shall pass and find them still secure;
Green creeping vines will clamber o'er thy sides
And interlace their sprays. The passers-by
Will feel with quickening hearts thy untold worth;
And so to children's children will thy name
Go down, kindling to deeds of love men still
Unborn, and scattering seeds for harvest-time.

The little group still stands apart,
But happy are the tears,
For stalwart forms have closed it round,
And flown are all their fears.
Their hearts are much too full for words;
At last the question fell:
"And Belle, you wrote me, had been ill;
Is she once more quite well?"
Quick-quivering lips the answer gave:
"*My darling, she is in her grave.*"

* * * * * *

Two pictured faces in their frames,
Both girlish faces fair;
One, chestnut braids and eyes of blue,
The other, golden hair.
Soft, dove-like eyes of tender gray,
Their shadowy lashes fall,

And lips like berries in the dew
Where vines climb o'er the wall.
And where are they who were so dear?
If you can answer, tell!
My heart is like to break to-day
For those who loved so well.

One lives beyond broad seas and fells,
The other with God's angels dwells.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

A Story in Rhyme.

For Reinhold.

Miss Magpie speaks:

"A good-morning, Madame Locust!
Pray, have you heard the tale
About Miss Katie Green, the belle,
Who lives in yonder vale?"

Mrs. Locust answers:

"Ah! no, indeed, Miss Maggie P.,
I've not been out, you know;
And living up four pairs of stairs,
I don't hear much below.
I hope the proud and pretty Kate
Has not disgraced her name;
Her family are all well-bred,
For from good blood they came."

Mrs. Magpie:

"Well, Madame Locust, pride, you know,
Is very unbecoming;
But though Kate Green's exceeding proud,
She always was a-roaming,
And they do say she's very fast,
And very wilful too;
And though I'm not at all a prude,
Some things I'd never do.
And now they say she has eloped,
With her own cousin too;
I don't believe all that I hear,
But this I know is true,
For as I passed her mother's house
I stopped beside the door,
And heard her sobbing 'Katy did;'
I could not well hear more."

Mrs. Locust:

"Why, that's a song they always sing
When all the world is still:
I'm sure you must have heard them
From every dale and hill.
I listen almost every night
When in their homes they're hid,
Singing always the selfsame tune:
The words are 'katy did.'
I would not, then, repeat the tale,
My friend, if I were you,
Until you have some better proof
Of knowing it is true."

The busy day passed round again,
And evening, as before,
Found gossiping Miss Magpie
At Neighbor Locust's door.

[illegible] in Rhyme.

[illegible]

[illegible] Madame Locust,
[illegible] that is true can be:
[illegible] within before one's own eyes
[illegible] one must help but see.
[illegible] Hiram's [illegible] just opposite
[illegible] Miss Kate's mother's door,
[illegible] I stopped in this afternoon:
[illegible] never called before.
[illegible] are not considered in our set,
[illegible] are they thought select,
[illegible] the object of my visit
[illegible] hoped she'd not suspect.
So I found she knew her neighbors,
And she talked for full an hour
About the Greens—how rich they were,
And how they built a bower

Of emerald leaves and coral buds
For Katie's use alone,
And to reward their kindness fond
The wanton thing has flown.
And no one knows where she has gone;
Her mother wept all day;
And when Mrs. Hornet asked her,
One word she would not say."

Mrs. Locust:

"Stop, stop, my friend! you talk too fast;
I know where Kate has gone;
Look through my vine-clad window,
And o'er yon verdant lawn.
You see that dwelling rich and chaste,
As fair as e'er was seen?
That is the home of Katie now:
Her name is *Mrs.* Green.

Her mother came around to-day
To sit a while with me;
And when I found she felt so lone,
I made her stay to tea.
Her Katie did not run away;
She rode like any queen:
Two snow-white doves her coursers were,
Her carriage gold and green,
A present from her loving lord
Upon her bridal day.
Oh! that he is her cousin dear
I quite forgot to say.
'Twas Katie's wish, her mother said,
To have it kept so still;
There were no guests besides the Greens
And Mrs. Whippoorwill.
But though her mother mourns her loss,
I saw her eyes' deep light,

Which flashed so proudly when she told
The splendors of that night—
The costly gifts his friends had brought
To lavish on the bride;
And though she spoke with faltering tones,
I saw her heartfelt pride.
So take a warning, Maggie Pye:
With gossips don't be seen;
And if you hear some idle tale,
Remember Katie Green.
And don't give ear to slanders vile,
Much less the words repeat,
Or you will live to be despised
And scorned by those you meet."

COWARDS.

FOR CARL CLARENCE.

REYNOLD asks a story. What shall it be?
Of beautiful lands beyond the broad sea?
Or of fairies and gnomes in forests deep?
Or of soldiers who fight and women who weep?

"Tell me *all*", grandmamma—tell *all* to me;
Fairies and gnomes and lands beyond the sea.
First tell me, please, of the soldiers who fight;
If wrong for us boys, for men is it right?"

And Carl, standing by, opens wide his eyes,
Large, lovely and calm, and full of surprise:
"Can I fight, grandma, when I am a man?
Because I will wait until then, if I can.

"I would like to strike when Ulla looks grum,
And sends me to bed for breaking my drum;
But I am so small and so short, you know,
I cannot reach up to give her a blow."

"Oh, naughty Carl Clarence! do you not know
They're cowards who strike a woman a blow?"
Cries Reinhold, looking severe as he can:
"But never a soldier, and never a man."

DOGGEREL.

(Illustrations by Reinhold omitted.)

THREE little children waiting in a row,
Three little ponies saddled for to go,
Three big chimney-sweeps stalking through the town,
The three frightened children all tumble down.

Three little ponies scampering one side,
Three little children much terrified;
Three stalking chimney-sweeps full of delight,
Having occasioned the terrible fright.

Ten big Prussians going to the field,
Two little Frenchmen that will not yield;

One mitrailleuse pouring out its fire,
Ten big Prussians marching on in ire.

Two little Frenchmen running like mad;
The mitrailleuse which the Frenchmen had
Turned by the Prussians to fire on their foe;
The two little Frenchmen don't know where to
go.

Three big chimney-sweeps stalk all the night,
Trying to give other children a fright;
Ten big Prussians following up their foe,
Two little Frenchmen still "on the go."

Three little ponies at a stable door,
Two little Frenchmen dying in their gore;
Ten big Prussians flying to their king,
Who thinks they've done a very big thing.

Moral.

Though chimney-sweeps and Prussians may
sometimes prevail,
We have not yet come to the end of the tale;
The weak will grow strong, and the children
some day
Will get to be men, and will go their own
way.

The Prussians have only a few years to wait,
And foemen in plenty will stand at their gate;
The republic of France may help to o'erthrow
The kingdom all fear as a dangerous foe.

When equal the numbers, a combat brings fame
To the victor who keeps untarnished his name.

They are bullies who press their much weaker
foes,
And when they are fallen continue their blows.

Remember this, boys, when you've grown to
be men—
Reinhold, Carl Clarence and little Eugène;
And if you should chance to have ever a foe,
When he is fallen don't strike him a blow.

THE BIRDS' NEST.

FOR ERIC EUGENE.

OH, mamma, I have seen the home
Of the robin and the wren;
It was the dearest, sweetest spot
In all the wooded glen.

The leaves were thickly hung around,
You could not see the sky;
And there, upon the shadiest bough,
They'd hung their nests so high

I could not reach, for all I tried
And stood upon my toes,
And thought to coax the black-eyed birds
By holding up my rose.

It frightened them; they left their nests,
And swiftly flew away;
I trembled for the little birds,
And wanted them to stay.

Then from behind a laurel bush
I watched with eager view,
While, hopping back from bough to bough,
The birdies' mammas flew.

They snugged up to their little ones,
And then I ran away;
But may I not go back again
To see their nests some day?

So little Edla asked mamma,
And mamma said, "My dear,
How would you like if giants came
Within our cottage here?

And if they frightened me away,
How would you feel to see
The awful creatures standing near—
As near as near could be?"

Then Edla shook her little head,
With curls of sunny gold;
And quickly answering, Edla said,
"The half could not be told

Of all the fear that I should feel.
Even for birds 'tis true:
'Do unto others as you would
That others do to you.'"

THE LITTLE TRUANT.

FOR MAUD.

"WHERE hast thou been, O beautiful child!
Wandering o'er hillsides, through woodlands wild,
Frightening the birds from the forest spray,
And gathering flowers by the shaded way?
Why art thou standing in thoughtful mood?
Is the brook too wanton, the breeze too rude?
Or art thou wearied with idle play—
Wearied with rambling all the day?"

"Afar through the vales where fountains flow,
And over the hills where violets grow,
And down in the meadows wide and green,
Where the lily droops its head unseen,

There have I wandered this lovely day
With the humming bees and the birds to play.

"I fear to go to my mother mild;
I know she has missed her truant child,
And, sadly grieved at my absence long,
She'll chide her darling for doing wrong;
But oh, 'tis beautiful on the lea:
With the birds and flowers I love to be.

"I will take my buds to my mother dear,
And tell her for me she must never fear,
For I love the fresh and the sunny air,
The woodlands wild and the valleys fair;
And God, who careth for bird and bee,
I am sure will always care for me."

THE WARDEN'S TALE.

THE WARDEN'S TALE.

A STORY FOR THE AGE.

I.

I AM warden of a garden—
  Of a garden fair to view;
Seldom does the king, my master,
  Ever wish to wander through.

II.

Little cares he for the blossoms
  Or the fruits beside the wall;
In the centre blooms a rose tree,
  And the roses he claims all.

III.

But one day there came a pilgrim,
Lofty air yet winning mien,
And he asked a tiny flower
Pale as is the moonlight's sheen.

IV.

So I plucked and gave it to him,
And he wore it on his breast
As we walked along the garden,
Pausing here and there to rest.

V.

Day by day returned this pilgrim;
As we paced the shaded aisles
Friendlier grew his words of greeting,
Tenderer his friendly smiles.

VI.

And we often gathered flowers—
Spotless lilies, pansies cold
As the purple in the heavens
When it borders twilight's gold.

VII.

But one day our footsteps straying
To the garden's centre came,
Where the roses on the branches
Bloomed with tropic hearts of flame.

VIII.

Then with lips so sweet and tender,
And with eyes more tender still,
"Give me but one rose," he whispered,
"And then ask whate'er you will."

IX.

How could I the rose refuse him,
If his eyes my heart did melt?
So I stretched my hand to reach it,
When a piercing thorn I felt.

X.

"Ah! 'tis not my rose to give you!"
With an aching heart I spake,
In the pain of that refusing
Which I longed to have him take.

XI.

"'Tis but one rose that I asked for,"
Straight he said, in grieved surprise;
"When your master counts so many,
Bloom they only for his eyes?"

XII.

"Take the violets, take the pansies,
Take the lilies, if you will,
But unworthy I for warden
If no trust I do fulfill.

XIII.

"And this rose bush, he has told me,
Must be left for him alone;
So I cannot give his roses,
Though they be so thickly blown."

XIV.

"Give me one; he will not miss it
Though he count them o'er and o'er—
Only one; 'tis all I ask for,
And I ne'er will ask for more.

XV.

"Give it, warden; lips refusing
Wear not grace as when they yield;
And I know the king, thy master,
Gathers in another field."

XVI.

Then I wavered. In that moment
He knew not the half my pain
As I answered, "Reach and take it,
For you shall not plead in vain."

XVII.

So, with eager hand approaching,
He stooped low to pick the rose,
When a serpent, coiled beneath it,
Did his fiery eyes disclose.

XVIII.

Then I, shivering, started forward,
All my heart with anguish torn:
"Leave the roses for the lilies;
They have neither sting nor thorn."

XIX.

But he drew me close beside him,
And he whispered in my ear
Words that I, another's warden,
Might not, ought not, dared not, hear.

XX.

How I wrung my hands in sorrow,
How my heart ached with despair,
How I prayed to God to help me,
How he heard my frantic prayer,

XXI.

Is a tale that ne'er was spoken;
But the pilgrim since that day
Has not sought my master's roses,
Has not even passed this way.

XXII.

Now to other wardens say I—
For I've won the right to speak
By the anguish of my spirit
And the pallor of my cheek—

XXIII.

King or prince, or who he may be
That to thee doth trust confide,
Leave no pilgrim in the precincts,
At his will to wander wide.

XXIV.

Pick no pansies, no, nor lilies,
To adorn another's breast
Than the one who is thy master,
If thy conscience would have rest;

XXV.

For no pilgrim but will wander
Where the owner's roses bloom,
When the lilies and the pansies
Lose for him their faint perfume.

THREE ERAS IN A LIFE.

I.

FOREBODINGS.

"An imminence of something unknown is felt.'

"Forebodings come, we know not how or whence,
Shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul."—MISS PROCTER.

WHAT weight is this which presses on my soul?
Powerless to rise, I sink within the dust;
The days in solemn cycle o'er me roll,
While, praying, I can only wait and trust;

Trust the dear Hand that all my life has led
Through pastures green, by waters pure and still;
If now He leads me through dark ways, and dread,
Shall I dare murmur, whatsoe'er His will?

Give me, dear Lord, the strength I so much need—
Do Thou but guide through earth-defiling ways,
Then will I follow where Thy hand doth lead,
With feet unfaltering in my darkest days.

DECEMBER, 1872.

II.

PURIFYING FIRES.

"For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain."

OH, could I but escape this fiery path,
Where demons drag me in their wicked wrath!
Fierce fire of trial, wherefore was it sent?
My heart makes moan as if its life were spent.
Complaining heart, where now thy trust in God?
This path thou shrinkest from thy Saviour trod;
Call on His name, beseeching Him for grace:
So shalt thou meet thy anguish face to face,
And straightway look upon it undismayed,
Though flames still roll and rage around thy head.

Thou'lt learn to bless at length the martyr fire
Which does but drive thee into regions higher.
No demons drag thee save by God's blessed will,
Who turns their wrath to work His purpose still.

MARCH, 1873.

III.

PEACE.

"To be at peace in ourselves and with all around us—it is solving the problem of life as best we can. It is worth all we can get, gain, suffer or do."—REV. DR. FURNESS.

WHAT land of promise this that now I tread?
What skies are these that, arching o'er my head,
Seem full of angel faces looking down,
As close I hold Love's sceptre and Love's crown?
I have not crossed the barrier stream of death;
Still does the mortal hold within its sheath
Its spirit body as the ripened husk its wheat;
Still this sweet world I walk with clinging feet,
Loth to depart, yet longing still to go;
Two natures warring each with each still flow

Like tides that now advance and now recede,
As earth attracts or heaven's voices lead.
The answer comes as if from God's white throne:
"Here dwell those hearts which my great peace
have known."

DECEMBER, 1874.

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